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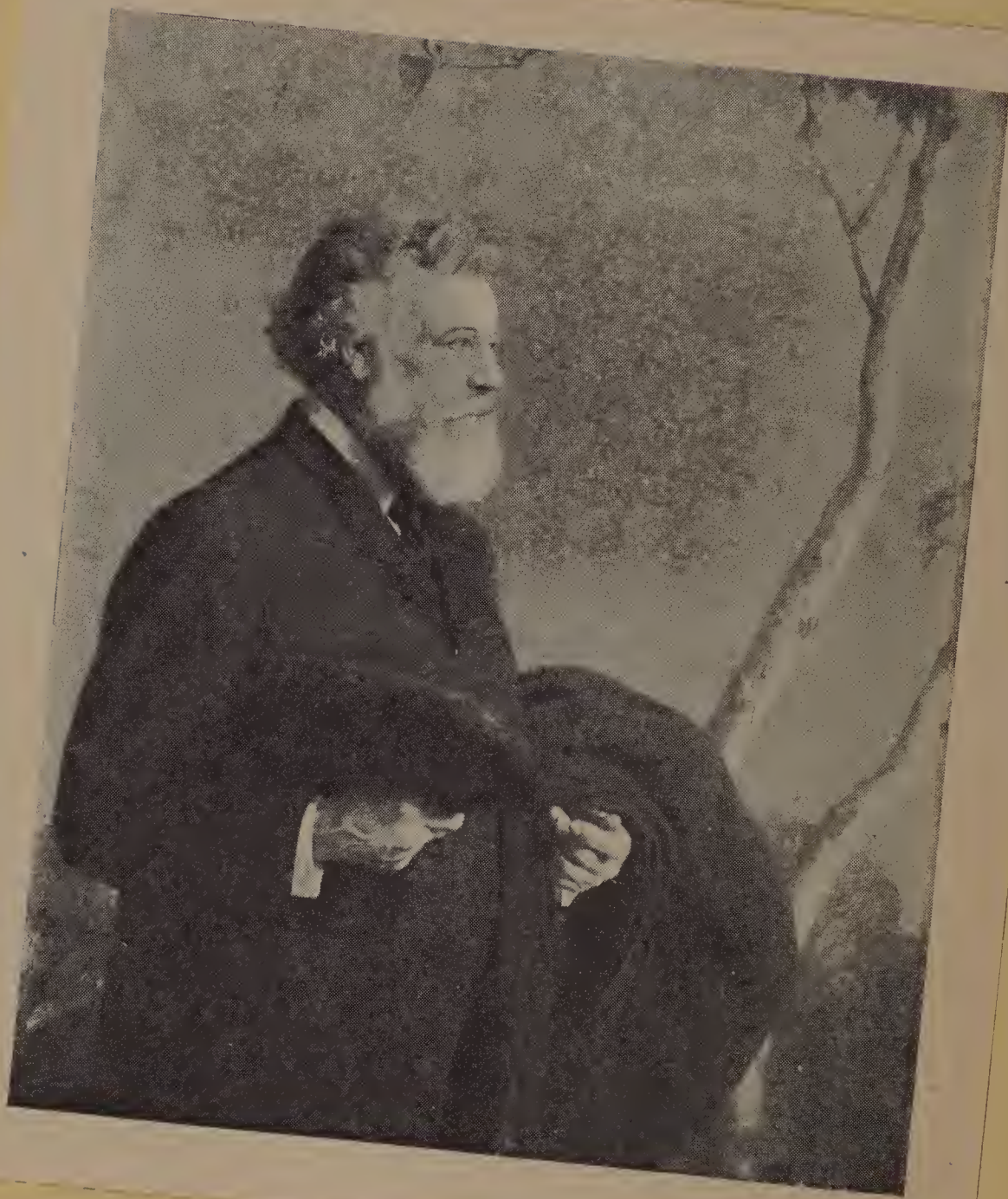
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Thanksgiving

Yes, a genuine Thanksgiving is becoming at least once a year, even to a happy-go-lucky art student, whether in school or out.

We ought to be thankful for the things we are not responsible for, such things as good eyes, and a responsive spirit, the power to perceive beauty, and to echo it in the work of our hands.

I was riding with a doctor one crisp October morning along a cathedral street in one of our old New England towns. The boles of giant elms, a double row on each side, defined nave and aisles, their branches forming the dark ribs of the vaulting, supported a roof of golden leaves. It had rained in the night; everything was brilliant. A fresh breeze drove clouds full-sail across the intense blue above; sunlight and shadow played hide-and-seek among the arches. Pools of water here and there in the street caught reflections of the blue, and white, and gold, more intense by contrast with the dark earth.

"Isn't this wonderful!" I exclaimed. "What a magnificent street! What color! How beautiful the reflections are this morning!"

The doctor tooted his auto horn. "Yes," he remarked absently, "the dam place ought to be drained."

I laughed aloud.

"What are you laughing at?" he demanded.

"I am laughing because I am so happy," I replied; "happy that my ancestors gave me my kind of eyes."

"If somebody hadn't had my kind," rejoined the doctor, "you wouldn't have had any ancestors!"

No doubt the doctor was right, though I have never been able to figure it out. But it took no figuring to see that a

saying of John Ruskin's found illustration that morning: "In the puddle one may see either the mud or the sky."

I am thankful to be able to see the sky first, to see beauty in the things of every day. For me, as for every other art student, nothing in nature is common or unclean. Everywhere is the heavenly beauty which Emerson loved to call music; everywhere is the heavenly music which artists call beauty.

"Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things,
There alway, alway something sings.
'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things,
There alway, alway something sings."

Henry Turner Bailey.



God is in what is evil as well as what is good.—Salome.



Plenty of exhibitions to attend nowadays!

At Doll and Richards' several artists are showing pictures, among them E. W. D. Hamilton, of our own school, who has two canvases, which will certainly be seen, if they have not been already, by M. N. A. S. students. A. C. Goodwin has two excellent Boston street scenes—imagination presents a traveling Bostonian booking his home passage at sight of them in a foreign land. The bit of Tremont street and Park street church, seen through a mist of snow, is made in an unaffected and effectual manner. There is a very queer picture by Mr. Tack, with juicy black trees in the foreground, and indistinct figures against a dull twilight. A feeling arises that one has not had enough training to differ with a head man in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. Mr. Howard has two pictures, one of which would do most of us a great deal of good to study. It is a view across a New England valley, with a sunlit river in the middle distance, and it is so "nicely" studied, and the light and shade so carefully differentiated, that a guilty conscience grips the beholder.

In the Cobb Gallery, on Boylston street, there is an exhibition of the work of William P. Silva. Some of the pictures, as "A Rainy Day," are appealing, but it seems as though a

timidity of color has balked the artist's idea in a few of the others. On the whole, we ought all to attend this exhibition.

At present the Copley Gallery is full of food for thought—a varied artistic diet, with small chance of aesthetic indigestion. Marion Powers has a large canvas of a brilliantly-robed girl, with a mandolin, and a fan, and heaps of accessories—one feels as if Argus alone would be able to cope with the accessories. Aside from that, the color is brightly applied, and the main design agreeable. In Sarah G. Putnam's picture of a girl in gypsy costume, the lights on the white waist are rather broken. There is a superb portrait of a man, by Frank H. Tompkins. The subdued light strikes only the temple and cheek out of shadow—but the subtle simplicity of that shadow! From this picture springs a realization of the words of wisdom of our instructor, that “the *color* doesn't amount to much, anyway!” Hadn't you rather be a light and shade individual in an achromatic world than a highly-colored person in a cosmos in which the color was never drowned in shadow nor neutralized in light? The design of Mr. Tompkins' portrait merits attention, too. There is a well-painted portrait by Burtis Baker of an elderly, snappy gentleman, and it is made in a clean, decisive way. “Helen,” by Marie Danforth, is an appealing picture of a little girl with pink cheeks, and in a white coat. The tilt of her toes is irresistible. Another little girl, by Adelaide Cole Chase, is even more interesting—not the sitter, but the way she is painted. The technique is sweeping and veracious, and the child's face holds the attention, in spite of the ease and assurance of the rest of the canvas. Mary Cassatt, our well-known fellow-countrywoman, has a picture painted in a strong, masculine manner—artfully simple in composition, and of increasing interest. Close at hand, the people in the boxes are blobs of pigment, resolving into a variously absorbed audience as the

spectator recedes. Elizabeth Taylor has a picture broadly painted, but shirking careful drawing, and not always true in relative values. Margaret F. Richardson has two pictures—one is a portrait of an elderly lady in black, with a black feather fan, which is exquisitely rendered, as is the flesh and the soft gray hair. The textures are delicately modulated. After this portrait, the other canvas is rather disappointing, though there is in it some good material painting. The picture is spoiled by an ugly greenish-black shadow, suggestive of the X-ray. Mr. George has a beautifully composed picture of two boys, which we ought all to see. The children have both an unconscious charm of attitude. Sally Cross shows a picture which is irresistible. The paint is juicy, and the ivory tones of the dress, the glowing hair, and the rich blue background gleam across the room. Jean Oliver has a picture of a young girl, and Mary B. Hazelton a portrait head.

Edmund H. Garrett exhibits at the Kimball Gallery, Arlington street, a collection of water-colors and oils. The coloring in these pictures is delicate, and yet rich, and there is a peculiar quality to some of the oils that leads one to mistake them for water-colors at a distance, and to the water-colors that makes them seem oils. This is especially true of the water-color of the ocean. "San Marco" is an interesting composition, with a foreground shadow well managed, with all its detail. "October" is a delineation of a clear New England day on a wood road. It seems as if it would carry better if the shadows were a little stronger. "Keekamoochaug Farm" is, in spite of its fearsome name, a quiet picture of a white farmhouse in chill fall sunshine. "New Hampshire Garden" is an eye-delighting picture of an old-fashioned garden. There are some effective patches of sunlight and shadow on the earth and grass in the left of the picture. "Piazza Della Signoria" is much "harder"

in execution than the others. In "The Corso, Florence," the arc lights and gas lamps are made in a very interesting manner. "Olive Trees, Capri," is subdued in color and beautiful in design. "Berkeley Castle" is very decorative, with its low-toned color and simple composition. It is painted in oil on wax. "Spanish Steps, Rome," has a good arrangement, and a foreground which is interesting, but subordinated to the attractiveness of the background.

In the International Studio there is an article on the Dutch pictures shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art during the recent Hudson-Fulton exhibition. The following artists were represented: Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Jacob van Ruisdael, Albert Cuyp, Bartholomew van der Helst, Jan Steen, Vermeer, de Hooghe, and others. It is said that the reproductions that accompany this article are very poor. L. Mechlin has a paper on "Contemporary American Landscape Painting" in the same magazine. The illustrations include reproductions from the following paintings: "Golden Afternoon," Childe Hassam; "A Showery Afternoon," Emil Carlsen; "Late Spring," Charles Morris Young; "Johnny Cake Hill," Willard Metcalf; "Midsummer Night," William S. Robinson; "Sundown," George Inness. There is a description of Mr. Brangwyn's tempera frieze at the new offices in London of the Grand Trunk Railway. We see Mr. Brangwyn's splendidly-designed pictures in the magazines occasionally, but we shall all appreciate his work still more after reading this account. It is illustrated with sketches and with pictures of the finished frieze in place. "The advantages of the use of tempera at once strike the eye—the color is brilliant, piercing the heavy London atmosphere, that 'puts out' any ordinary painter's medium, and overpowers oil-color; it is absolutely flat, becomes entirely a part of the surface of a wall; it is very permanent, and it stands cleaning. . . .

The man who uses it must be a fine draughtsman, and a bold one; he must be a born colorist, and again, a bold one." The medium admits of no rectifying mistakes, and it is said that Mr. Brangwyn's frieze is artistically triumphant. In "Masters in Art" there is an account of Alfred Émile Leopold Joseph Victor Stevens, the Belgian painter. The story of this artist, who is ranked high by moderns, is very interesting. He had a sympathetic admiration for the "Little Dutchmen," as his own *metier* was *genre* painting. He was the first man to be honored during his lifetime by an exhibition of his canvases at the École des Beaux Arts. He studied under Ingres, but his color always remained much superior to his drawing. The following quotations are taken from his book, "Impressions of a Painter": "So many painters stop where the hard part begins"; "One is only a great painter on condition of being a master-workman"; "In the art of painting, one must first of all be a painter—the thinker comes afterwards"; "The Flemings and the Dutch are the first painters in the world."

The following is a quotation from the Transcript of November 11:—

"It is true that man cannot make a drawing exactly like nature, since he is trying to suggest in two dimensions what exists in three, but it has always been the mark of great draughtsmen that they gallantly attempted this impossibility. There is not a line in the written teachings of Da Vinci, the greatest of draughtsmen, that hints at any other aim than making the thing 'like.'

"There have always been two classes of men in art—the men like Da Vinci, Holbein, Raphael in his portraits, Velasquez, Vermeer, Chardin, Ingres, and others who tried to make it 'like,' and stylists like Reubens, Van Dyke, Delacroix, Whistler, to name a few who have tried to make it 'different'—they

strove to add what they call 'charm.' There was a cunning little boy who was spoiled by admiring relatives. It chanced that he 'had his photograph taken,' and these same relatives were loudly admiring it. 'Yes,' said the child, 'and look at my sweet little smile.' Alas, from undue praise he had come to know that one of his charms was this same 'sweet little smile.'

"That is the trouble with stylists. They bank on their 'charm.' Their charm is an asset. As one gazes doubtfully at their work, one hears a still, small whisper: 'Look at my sweet little smile.'"

The editor says that these notes ought to be imbued with the Thanksgiving spirit. We haven't had any previous opportunity of mentioning the Delectable Turkey, but we *are* thankful; thankful that we have so many good galleries here in Boston for so many excellent artists to exhibit in; thankful that we go to the M. N. A. S.; thankful that we can find in the Public Library pictures of and data concerning everything from a Semitic pinhead to an Esquimau harpoon, to be used in compositions; thankful that the price of emeraude green hasn't gone up with other commodities—and that the new Art Museum opens Monday; thankful for our hope of daily improvement and eventual success; thankful for the living present—it seems to me that's pretty *thankful*! Katharine M. Sawin.



RESOLVED

In spite of all the nature fakirs' lies,
The Turkey *is* a Bird of Paradise!

S.

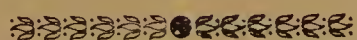


Don't complain of a dearth of originality; see what Nature does with two eyes, a nose, a mouth, and a pair of ears.



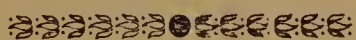
The Freshmen say that everything combines to make them feel their inferiority. They don't like the lordly way in which their studios are invaded and their drawings criticised, nor do they like the scorn or indifference with which their own critical remarks are received. Dear people, it is such a little while since we were Freshmen. We can all remember. We didn't know how to work then,—we don't now, for that matter,—but we wasted so much time. Every one of us can recall the inevitable, interminable discussions that every Freshman class since time began has thrashed out with the same eager, passionate enthusiasm. Socialism was always a favorite topic, vying in favor with woman suffrage and religion,—so called,—with occasional lapses into such primeval interests as the boys in the Portrait Class and what hat should be worn to the ball game. These were Freshman foibles. Let us pass over in silence the crudities of Sophomore year. Really, they are a little too recent to cause any active pleasure in discussing, and as for our present indiscretions, O beloved upperclassmen, who can tell what a very short while it will be before the hot blushes rise to our cheeks at the very thought of the pedantic utterances of to-day? However, our friend and epigrammatist, G. Bernard Shaw, remarks that "The man who has not been a fool at twenty-one has missed half the joy of living," and this is com-

forting. It suggests that our present miseries may become in time our retrospective joys. Meanwhile, the consciousness of moving onward ever so little is the greatest satisfaction granted us human beings.



F.: "Let's go over to that side, we could see the bride's face better."

E.: "No, stay here. It makes such a good composition."



The new opera house meets with our august approval. There is less of the rococo about it than any of the Boston theatres; no distressing loops, and puffs, and wiggles about the curtains, nor idiotic, petrified wreaths of gilt apples and roses strewn over the walls with a lavish carelessness that astonishes and overwhelms the beholder; no floating Cupids inanely cavorting around a bewildering chandelier. The general lines are fairly quiet and restful, and the circle of boxes extending entirely around the parquet is simple and practical, and therefore beautiful. What the building lacks, however, in "ostentatious display" is amply made up for by the gowns of the women. The trailing, clinging satins in colors that make you gasp and long for a brush and palette and infinite, unattainable technique, the beautiful bare shoulders rising from the straight, hard line of black velvet, the adorable lacy frou-frou about the slippered feet that goes straight to your feminine soul (if you have a feminine soul). Well—it's wonderful, provided you are optimistic, but if the lamp-post were not listening I might add that much of Boston's aristocracy is old, and fat, and wrinkled, and painted, and does its hair up execrably.

The lamp-post looked at me reproachfully to-day. "Can't you be a little more Thanksgiving-y?" it said, and added sundry other remarks concerning the sentiment appropriate to the season, and hinted that the time had arrived to display said sentiment. The lamp-post is a silly old thing. Does it think I keep my Thanksgiving spirit, and Christmas spirit, and school spirit, and patriotic spirit on tap, to be turned on at specified periods, such as the third Thursday in November, or the fourth day of July, or whenever it may be? Why, I've been cross on Christmas Day, and—er—indisposed at the critical moment when the Thanksgiving turkey was being carved. This is not in the least amusing, lamp-post, dear, it's sad, very sad, and not a bit Thanksgiving-y, either, and there's lots of things that happen on the third Thursday in November that are not Thanksgiving-y at all. We all know that, of course. I should think the lamp-post must have seen a good many of these things from its corner, but they're not in the least what it meant to talk about when it said, "Be Thanksgiving-y." It meant those other things that we all know so well, too, and that are so infinitely more worth while talking about. The gladness of being alive, and young, and merry, and of having work to do! WORK TO DO! WORK TO DO!! The gladness of the air we breathe, and the sun that shines, and the clear, cold wind against our faces. The gladness of glorious winter mornings and cozy winter evenings, of dearly-beloved books, and a very best friend, and the red gold in the heart of the fire. Then, too, there are the Pilgrim Fathers, to whom we must in duty bound give their quota of thanks—though I sometimes wonder if I, for one, at least, might not be just as thankful for my life if I had been born a "Hottentot tot" or a "heathen Chinee," instead of a free-thinking, free-speaking, give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death American. An awful thing to say, I know, and the lamp-

post is shocked, but this is the thankful tap that's turned on now, and we are not responsible. Patriotism another time. It will be on hand without fail when the calendar calls for it, but just now we are gushing pure, unadulterated, all-pervading THANKS.

Frances Downes.



Autumnal Reverie

The withered leaves in valley and plain
Flee with vague unrest in rustling drifts,
And the naked trees sing a sad refrain,
Weird music through the rifts.

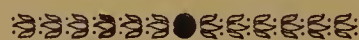
The finger of sunset points its hand
At a sombre world, full of nature's dross;
The sky dome rests on a dumb, dry land,
Surfeiting my soul with loss.

The fading year brings to mind again
All the things I meant to do and say,
The dizzy heights I hoped to attain,
Somehow, sometime, some day.

There's a kindly deed I meant to do;
Sometime I would write a bit of rhyme,
Undertake some task and see it through,
Symphonies on the strings of time.

But somehow each year is a shorter year,
And spring will peer through the mists at me,
Till the dying seasons roll me near
The realms of eternity.

Morley D. Cameron.



The Statue of Michael Angelo

"Clothed in the garb of labor, his face furrowed and seamed; the nose mutilated by that crashing blow from Torrigiano's hammer; the lustre of the eyes dimmed by toil and tears; yet the pose one of patience, courage, and heroic strength—there he stands, chisel in hand, absorbed, proud, erect, and defiant. He seems to be looking at some imaginary statue—an uncompleted statue—perhaps the "Moses." The sunken cheeks tell of years of yearning and aspiration, the swelling muscles in the legs and arms, the lean and corded neck, the deep chest, the splendid hands—the big, bony, manly, competent, helpful, honest hands. . . ."

ALUMNI NOTES

The graduating class of 1909 is well represented in the different cities and towns of Massachusetts as teachers to promote the various branches of art education in public and private schools, while many have gone out of the state to take up their chosen work.

Miss Clara Gale is supervisor of drawing in the public schools of Cohasset.

Miss Thyra Bendin is located in Laconia, N. H., where she is supervising the work in drawing and manual training.

Miss Mary Edmands is teaching in the Somerville High School, where she is assisting Mrs. Carrick, a former graduate of this school.

Miss Priscilla Alden is instructor in the normal department of the North Adams Normal School, both in drawing and arts and crafts.

Laurence Loring is located in the schools of Lancaster as supervisor of drawing and the crafts.

We find Miss Ruth Kimball in Memphis, Tenn., where she is introducing manual training into the schools for the first time.

Chester A. Park is director of the mechanical and manual training schools of Asbury Park, N. J.

Miss Frances A. Wally is at Huntington, Mass., where she is conducting the drawing in the public schools.

Miss Helen Sargent is supervisor of drawing and arts and crafts in the schools of Attleboro, Mass.

We rejoice to hear that our Alumni Association is established in a permanent home at the Grundmann Studios, Boston, Mass.

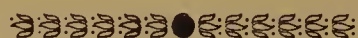
Harry W. Jacobs.

EDITORIALS

Not he who avoids the mud, but he who can wade through it, and come out clean, is best.



There are two sorts of people to whom inspiration never comes,—those who scoff at it and those who lie in wait for it. Amongst days, and weeks, and years of toil and struggles and disappointments there are, there must be, times when a sudden harmony exists between a man and his work, times when all the failures and lessons and days of unrewarded toil come rushing upon him, demanding of him that he use them, compelling him to use them.



Whether a man is a painter or a blacksmith does not matter—if he loves his work then is he an artist.



When we asked some one to work a little Thanksgiving spirit into their notes, they rather half-heartedly replied that Thanksgiving had been going on for some time now, and that they couldn't say anything but what had been said over and over many times. You cannot wear out big, simple things. Think of that first Thanksgiving Day,—a day set apart by men who literally wrenched a living from this meagre shore. Imagine the mellow, hazy Indian summer weather; the bustling about of the good wives, the suppressed eagerness of the children, the open comradeship of the men and their shouts of triumph as some new prize was brought from the forest, the

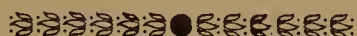
curiosity of friendly Indians. Oh, that *was* a Thanksgiving! Anything that we have now can be only an echo, an empty repetition, a rehearsal of that day.

But we can be thankful, thankful for the clang of the geese overhead and the rustle of the brown leaves underfoot; thankful that the world is as good as it is, and as wicked as it is; thankful for the faults we have to battle with, and for the sunshiny hours we have had, and the trials and disappointments that made all the more sunshiny; thankful that we are thankful, and for those who aren't thankful. But it isn't so much what one is thankful for as the manner of showing our thankfulness. Bended knees and upturned palms won't do, not by any means.

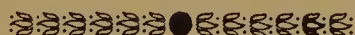
"This is the rose that He planted here in this thorn-cursed soil.

* * * * *

Honest toil is holy service, faithful work is praise and prayer. . . ."



"A practical man is a dreamer who can make his dreams come true."



We think it very lamentable that any ruction should occur in our Senior class. Mind you, we are not upholding either side—the policy of this paper is not to tear down, but to build up, to pull together, to harmonize.

There should be nothing more sacred to a school than class spirit, and this should be maintained at any cost. Every-

thing else should bow down before this. Won't you admit, you who feel that you have been wronged, that to give in a little, to choke back your grievances, would make things go on better? You are tearing down a sacred thing in order to maintain a petty principle. There is as much difference between true class spirit and that for which you are fighting as between Grecian and Ethiopian people. Think you that a good soldier would desert his country because he disliked his captain?

Have you looked forward to the end of the year—to your Commencement? You will go out into the world a broken alumni. Have you looked forward to that time when, just before you go around the last bend in the path, you peer wistfully back into the past? Instead of harshness, discord, and ill-will, wouldn't it be better to remember a whole-heartedness and a shoulder-to-shoulder spirit?

Now, then, when somebody proposes "Gentlemen, our class," we sincerely hope to hear the scraping of chairs being hurriedly pushed back as every one rises.



We hope that nobody thinks that this issue represents our ideal. If it did we would stop now, for there wouldn't be any incentive left to go on with. But if it only serves to make some poor, unthankful wretch more thankful, then all the toil, and failures, and disappointments will not go unrewarded.



Every man is chief stoker for his own particular hell.

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